watery berries here. Ours will keep firm a day longer than most others in market." It was pretty to hear the girl bragging over her berries, and who had a better right? We went strolling down the orchard to the beehives, and the pigeon cote and hennery, for the girls had picked a bushel and a half of black raspberries in less than two hours, which would be \$7 for the three when sold, and they could afford to entertain visitors. While we watched the pigeons wheel and flirt on the grass-tame, petted things-the supper-bell rang, and we were carried off to a home tea.

There was bread and biscuit such as you find in the country once or twice in a life, butter to match, saucers of berries half an hour from the bush, relishes, and such cake as one gets hungry for. And strawberry shortkake, with those great Sharpless berries. For your sakes I forbear further description. No wonder the girls had such nice complexions, and the older women looked so different from the sailow, drawn faces one sees in working women of the city. The garden girls were so hungry they insisted on a plate of salad, which they owned was only an improved version of the cold boiles vegetables which farmers used to eat. With watercress garnish mayonnaise it looked all that a salad ought.

After supper the fruit was to be sent to the depot and there was a brisk hour for

THE GIFT AND GIVER. It is pleasing to see women work who are trained and in the mind for it-the clean celerity of movement, the certainty, the absorption, the exhibaration of work in the open air put a new face on the ancient curse. The lounge in the starlight, with a dozen or twenty women in a breezy humor, was pleasant, and as it was anticipated and arranged, I was very glad to stay the night. The pretty guest chamber, the pride of the house, with its cool, pale blue and white, its bed linen smelling of lavender and rose leaves, its wax candles and bottles of rosewater on the toilet of marvelous embroideries, was enough to tempt sleep away, but the cool freshness settled on my eyes, and the evening and the morning were the next

"Now tell me," I said to my friend over the toilet, "whence and why this place is It is like nothing of our feverish modern plans. Am I awake or dreaming?" Then she told me the story of a woman, gifted and fair beyond the measure even of beautiful women, blameless and high natured, whose life was yet one of loss and grief, too pitiful for telling here. She saw much of the sufferings of women's lives, and in her last years she willed all that was left of a handsome fortune to found a shelter for homeless women, whose aim should be to give each one as much, not as little, as possible for her work. It was not for those who seek support without effort, or by half work, but for those who work at a disadvantage, or for scant heart-breaking uncertainty. It was a beginning only, but the aim was sweet, generous and just-one of those seeds which have life in it. There was enough at first to give a home to a few select sonis, women glad of a sure place for weary feet, and s welcome for worn hearts which had no suspicion of charity about it. It was only proposed to give them what they could earn, but in the shape of the comfort of living as well as bare existence. There were plenty to detest living in a house of women, fortunately; they left place for others who could live with their own sex. It had no place for those who slighted or despised work, or picked upon their neighbors. Quiet, friendly-hearted, honest women found in it much that was best in life. No woman's past was pried into: her future only concerned those about her.

All admitted were free to enter, free to go, to receive friends as in their own home, but inside those walls was the security, the peace, the inviolable reserve of the convent without its bareness and restrictions. Of course not all could enter who desired for it was no stepping-stone for adventuresses. Certain sincerities were indispensable, but those who entered, with few exceptions, stayed because the found no place so good, so safe, so pleasant. There are women who realize that the best and the whole of things are not for

every one, and are thankful to get a share and to help others to theirs. For such the house was opened. In the morning they showed me the work done in the house, as well as in the garden. "Why, you are doing the old French work," cried my friend in raptures over the

great piece of embroidery under skillful

fingers. "I thought that was not known this side at all." "The poor little French woman who came here in such trouble last winter had learned it at a convent, and when she grew better taught two or three and we sent over for patterns. Isn't it graceful—something between embroidery and lace. Everybody brings us something fine. We are all useful, not to say invaluable, here," and there was a ripple of soft laughter round the

TREASURES IN STORE. "Even your woman who had never done anything menial in her life. She is a treasure. She has done our strawberries in a miraculous manner so that they have the flavor of berries and are not spoiled sugar. I must show them to you."

"She wants to show off the store-room."

said my friend, muschievously, and we were glad of it. Fancy a room fourteen feet square lined to the ceiling with shelves and racks inside, with rows upon rows of fruit preserved and canned to perfectionsuch fruit, such canning as you do not see often outside French provincial factories. There was a coquetry in the way they were put up-in clear glass, in crystal, in fancy pottery, with filigree papers and rochet covers. One side where the canning was done, with white tables piled with baskets of berries and fresh herbs, and a row of bright kerosene stoves looking as if they were polished for

The other side a door opened into a delightful little room with swing windows. where fragrance reigned. Stores of laven-der and scarce herbs in huen bage were here, and rows of fancy jars, whose lifted covers sent out a pulse of perfume, such potpouri as made fragrant the corridors of George Eliot's manor houses. Here in drawers were folded lovely pieces of needlework, so pretty and useful that the woman tempted to buy them for their taste was glad of their convenience. The best standards, the best designs were sought, and there was a store of useful odd thingslike feet, to be sewed on stockings of wool and of silk; sleeves for worn shirts and undershirts, choice confections that would never be common, cordials and distilled waters, such as in the old world have made the revenues of communities.

There was pride and pleasure in the work, support for busy days and for old age, which lost its terrors in that sweet. sane way of living.

Alas! that this is a vision as yet, save in the purpose and bequest of that sweet spirit who left her all toward making it a realtity, upon whose grave the roses have not yet bloomed. One of the silent singers. her name may yet be sweet to women for the kindness she planned for them. Its mention brought a radiant smile to lips unable to speak their gladness in it, and whether these weak hands are able to carry it out or not the sacred picture will be dear to true-hearted women. SHIRLEY DARE.

Who Shirley Dare Is.

Very few people know much as to the identity of Shirley Dare, whose work is familiar to readers of the Journal, although she has been for years a newspaper correspondent. Indeed, many go so far as to assert that Shirley Dare is a man, and that not one word that has been sent out over the Shirley Dare signature has ever been written by a woman. But the truth is, save the New York Commercial Advertiser, that Shirley Dare is a certain Miss Powers, who lives part of the year in New York and the rest of the year in a country place adjacent to the city. She is a slender woman, in rather delicate health, and moves about so quietly that it is hardly possible ever to corner her for an interview. She is a blonde and has been extremely pretty. But the delicate health to which she has been a victim of late years has caused the prettiness in her features to fade into a sweetness, which, though sad when one contemplates the cause, is scarcely less pretty to behold.

On a certain piazza at Saratoga a few days ago some men were discussing the identity of certain newpaper women who write under assumed names. Among other names there came up that of Shirley Dare. "I tell von Shirley Dare is a man," said one of the gentlemen present. "I know him very well, and he has often told me that he continues to write the Shirley Dare letters as much for amusement as the best condition for human consumption.

STRANGE BIRDS AND BEASTS

Curiosities in Feathers and Fur Seen in the Gippsland District of Australia.

Characteristics of the Famed Cockatoo, Lyre Bird, Satin or Bower Bird, Coach-Whip Bird, and the Platypus and Echidna.

Sidney Dickinson's Melbourne Letter in Boston Returning to Melbourne from Gippsland, and casting about for subject-matter for a letter, my eye rests upon a large tin box whose open lid displays a closely packed array of skins from many varieties of brilliant birds and curious animals. There they lie, in every shade of gray, brown and mouse-colored fur. in every tint of blue, red, green, yellow and purple featherand as they represented to me the most interesting moments of my rambles in Gippsland, so, I hope, a consideration of them may prove of interest to my readers. Let me pull out of the box the skine which first come to hand, and consider for a little the habits and appearance of the creatures that once inhabited them.

The first that offers itself is the skin of a large bird, which has a curved, horny and massive beak and strong claws, both of jetty black, feathers of white, stained faintly with yellow, like old ivory, and an imposing crest of sulphur-colored plumes. This is the great sulphur-crested cockatoo, one of the most familiar, as it is one of the most beautiful birds in Australia. We made this bird's acquaintance as we drove over from sale to the mission station. He and his congeners, to the number of several bundred, were found feeding in a broad, open savannah on the side of the River Avon, where the grass was hidden from eight by the yellow circlets of the cape weed-a flower somewhat resembling the dandelion, but with a more woody stem, which is execrated by the farmers in spite of its beauty because of its tendency to overspread the the cockatoos for the seeds of the cape weed very greatly curtails its extension. and in the season of its ripening they fill to their utmost capacity the crops of these birds. One might look far to see a prettier sight than that which is afforded by a flock of several hundred of these snowy cockatoos walking about in the sea of yellow, which the acres of cape weed form. The cockatoos are alert and wary, and spring into the air with harsh screams as we approach-then, with the curiosity which is their strongest characteristic, wheel over us in a yelling mob three hundred strong, forming a canopy of fluttering ivory through which the sunlight falls in exquisite shades of tender color. Two guns bark into the midst of the wheeling and screeching cohorts; the reports of the second barrels immediately follow-feathers fly in every direction, but only two cockatoos fail. One, after the usual experience in such cases, chooses to drop into a mud-hole about ten feet wide (the only one within a mile of the place), and irremediably ruins his delicate plumage; the other, more considerate, thumps down upon the turt without a feather ruffled, innocent of bloodstain or defilement of the suit. This is his skin which is before us, the feathers like a snow-field, across which falls the ray of a yellow sunset, shaded with indescribable delicacy from the brilliant sulphur-color of the recurved crest to the immaculate feathers, whiter than this paper, which form his spreading tail. SAW-FILING MUSIC TO ITS VOICE.

No one who has not heard the voice of the cockatoo can understand the limits of cacophonic sound; saw-filing is music to it, and compared thereto the "devil's fiddle" is interpretive of the concords of the spheres. The bird is a great nuisance to the hunter. by his noisy clamor slarming ducks, kangaroos and all other manner of game, and following for miles the carrier of a gun with wild outbursts of ornithological profanity. In the arder of his vituperation he sometimes forgets himself and flies within range. and it is a self-contained sportsman, indeed, who can resist the temptation to "pot" him under these circumstances. Often, too, he will perch upon the top of a dead gum tree in the middle of a clearing and alarm the country for a mile around-under which circumstances, feeling himself quite safe, he may be stalked by a simple stratagent. I discovered this myself, under the following circumstances: I had been excessively annoyed by a cockatoo which had followed and execrated me for a couple of hours, yet always keeping well out of range upon isolated trees. At last I bethought me of a trick successfully used for attracting antelopes upon the Western plains of the United States, and, pulling a scarlet silk handkerchief out of my pocket, I began waving it from side to side, advancing mean while upon the enemy. He saw the fluttering symbol and at once became silent, siding up and down his perch with mingled excitement and apprehension, and craning his head forward and downward in a most ludicrous fashion in his endeavor to define the nature of the phenomenon. In this manner I came directly under the e on which "cocky" was sitting, dropped the handkerchief and raised my gun, the bird took flight with loud shrieks-there was a puff of smoke, a white cloud fell into the fern, and-the second sulpbur-crested

skin there is my memento of the occasion. The white cockatoo has a larger and more powerful cousin, the black cockatoo, which presents, indeed, two species, of which one has a patch of scarlet under the tail, the other a hand's width of brilliant yellow. They are a saturnine, not to say satanic, looking bird, with enormously powerful bills, with which they tear off the bark of trees in long strips, cut into the wood with blows that sound like hammers and leave marks like chisels, and draw from their burrowed highways in the timber the fat, white grube which constitute their favorite food. The black fellows are fond of this delicacy also, and when you are out in the woods with them they will often cut a hole in a tree with their hatchets, and present to you from it the squirming nauscous worm which their quick instinct had shown them was within. If you decline the morsel-as is probable-they devour it themselves with infinite gusto, and with ill-concealed contempt at the "white fellow's inability to appreciate luxuries.

A BUSHMAN'S DELICACY. Raw or baked, it is all one to the aborigines-in the latter case the grub is placed upon the coals, where he remains until, by popping open, he gives the signal that his cooking is accomplished. I have never myself overcome the force of the appeals which my eye has telegraphed to my stomach not to indulge in so barbarous and unpromising a food, but I know many persons, in whom, otherwise, I repose a considerable degree of respect, who confess to a fondness for this comestible, which they declare to possess a fine nutty flavor of much relish, and to suggest in high degree the taste of truffles. My companion on this trip, an enthusiastic professor of biology at the Melbourne University, even asserted that be considered them most palatable au naturel-but as he constantly carried about with him a case of viais filled with alcohol into which, from time to time, he popped peculiarly loaththe name of "land planarians," and tasted of each variety preparatory to immersing it in the liquid, I fancied that his sense in this particular might have become perverted, and declined to follow his example, Not that he expressed any relish for the flavor of these animals, which he described as astringent, and resembling alum-a fact which I recommend to the attention of any who are interested in such matters. As for the black fellows, they will eat anything. One day we found a black swan's nest, out of which we took a half dozen of eggs. The season being late, we found the eggs too far advanced in incubation to be blown. although arduous attempts were made. Our two black fellows looked with gloating eyes upon our efforts, and when we gave up the job, eagerly asked that the eggs might be given to them, intimating that at that particular stage they were in

plumage and crimson breasts like satin waistcoats; greenleeks garbed in lustrous, vivid feathers, with breasts and heads splashed with yellow and scarlet; birds whose length and swiftness make them look like arrows hurtling through the air; rosellas pied with red and yellow, green and blue, purple, black and white, the loveliest, as well as the commonest, of Australian parrots; soberly-garbed grass-parrots, of sage green, relieved by pale red and blue, and the quaint little love-birds, smallest of parakeets, mottled in green and yellow, as well as a dozen others that I have not the space to mention. These birds, in spite of their brilliant colors, are not easy to secure, for they are almost entirely silent in their habits, and as their shape is almost precisely like the long, narrow leaves of the eucalyptus, in which they sit motionless on the approach of an intruder, a sharp eye is required to see them. A GRACEFUL CONCEIT OF NATURE.

Perhaps the most beautiful, singular and characteristic bird in Australia is the lyrebird. It receives its name from its exquisitely-marked tail-feathers, which, when erected like the tail of a peacock, exactly resemble in form the instrument dear to Apollo. The colors of the lyre-bird are not brilliant, being simply dark grav, brown, russet and white, but his shape is most elegant and his tail one of the most original and graceful conceits in which nature has ever indulged herself. The lyre bird is an almost impossible bird to shoot. He inhabits the thickest part of the scrub, and whenever he finds it necessary to cross an open space, does so with a rush which permits the gunner to see only a streak of gray light, which vanishes in the bush again, while the shot tears up the earth at the spot where he seemed to be, but was not. The lyre bird does not fly on these occasions, but trusts to his nimble legs, and no living thing could be quicker in its movements. Even the wary black fellow stalks him in vain, although he may now and then take him in a snare. There are two ways of capturing the lyre bird. One is to sit down at the edge of a clearing to which, by the scratchinge in the ground, it is evident they resort for food, where, by hours of patient and silent waiting, a shot may now and then be obtained. The other method is to take into the bush a nervous. "yapping" cur dog, whose thrashing about in the shrubbery and barking will often cause the birds to betake themselves to the tops of trees and burl vituperation at him for his ill manners-under which circumstances they may be approached quite easily. The lyre bird is a most astonishing mimic. quite throwing into the shade the efforts of the American mocking bird, or, indeed, of any other creature of the sort whatever. Every one of the extraordinary, weird, quaint and musical noises heard in the Australian forest may be heard coming from a thicket in which a single lyre bird has ensconced himself, while even man himself is not exempt from the essays of this amusing mimic. A gentleman of my acquaintance in this city, who was for many years a surveyor in the service of the gov-ernment, has related to me an extraordinary instance of the lyre bird's mimetic powers. He and his associates had been laying out a line in Gippsland, and the workmen under them had all day long been felling trees to make a path for the new railway. After supper, sitting around the fire in the moonlight, the party was surprised to hear near by the blows of an ax and the "swish" of falling saplings. The ardor of some of the employes began to be commended when it was found that the tale of the company was complete about the blazing gum logs. As the party were a hundred miles and more from human habitation, a deputation was sent into the bush to ascertain the origin of the sounds, who soon returned to say that they were caused by a party of lyre birds, who, having evidently listened all day to the sounds produced by the laborers, were striving to repeat them under "the pale glimpses of the moon." This incident of the "lyre" bird might suggest to some that the narrator was a "lyre," too, but with a different spelling—however, he is a man whose word I would be willing to take on any subject, and I have no doubts of the correctness and literal truth of the story.

COACH-WHIP AND SATIN BIRDS. Two other curious inhabitants of these wilds are the "coach-whip bird" and the "satin," or "bower bird." Before I had heard the strange note of the former I took the liberty of doubting the accuracy of the description of it, for I had already been disappointed in other notes which had been said to be remarkable. There is the "bell bird," for example, whose note as much imitates the tone of a bell as a penny whistle does a trombone. I happened to be alone when I first heard the "coach-whip bird," and needed to have no one by me to point out the extraordinary fitness of the performer's name. Amid the stillness of a vast stretch of bush along the shore of the Avon I heard, close at hand, a smart "whish," like a lash cut-ting the air, followed instantly by a "crack" that would have done credit to the skill of the most expert bullock driver. The resemblance to the sound of cracking a heavy whip was perfect-so much so, indeed, that, had I not known there was no road within twenty miles of where I stood. I should never have suspected the noise came from the throat of the sober brown bird which sat on a branch not ten feet

from me. The peculiar ways of the bower birds are generally known. The birds, which constitute a class in which there are several species, are noted for forming long tunnels or bowers of twigs which they arrange to lean together and make a sort of hall or assembly-room. These structures are not used as nests, nor for any other than social purposes, and are ornamented with shells, colored feathers, bits of glass and tin, or any other bright or glittering article that the birds happen to find and consider suitable for decoration purposes. The handsomest of these species is one of which the male, when matured, shows a glistening coat which looks black in shadow, but, in the light, is a shifting glory of blue, purple and violet. The pe-culiar habits of the bower birds cause them to be respected, even by the rough bush-man, who, while he has little regard for the many other strange creatures about him. his clearings.

leaves their assembly halls untouched amid THE PLATYPUS AND THE ECHIDNA. While the air of the Australian wilds is peopled with strange citizens in feathers, the earth and water are not less curiously denizened. In the streams the duck-billed platypus disports himself as the most remarkable of incongruous animals, and on land, his cousin, the echidna-a species of hedgehog-affords almost equal puzzlement to naturalists. The long-disputed question whether the platypus lays eggs and hatches its young from them is not proved affirmstively, and the echidna, alone among land animals of the mammalia class, is known to have the same habit. Shooting platvpi is interesting business from the fact that it requires great caution, a good eye and a quick finger on the trigger. The platypus is semi-nocturnal in his habits, and leaves his burrows under steep banks (the openings being under water) only after sunset and before sunrise. He may then be seen. looking like a mass of drowned fur, just beneath the surface of the stream, paddling slowly siong with his duck's bill protruding, and a thin wake of water trailing behind. Every few seconds he dives and forages for the worms and small fish that form his food, coming up again in the most nnexpected places, and disappearing again at the first alarm. If you have a black fellow with you he will tell you at once, when the platypus vanishes, the exact spot where he will reappear, when, if you are quick, you may bag him by a snap shot. His skin is soft, thick and warm, and is much in demand for the manufacture of muffs and shoulder capes-whereby the animal's extinction was rapidly being accomplished, when the government recently stepped in and placed it under the pro-

tection of the game laws. The echidna somewhat resembles the platypus, having pointed snout of the cartilaginous quality of the duck's bill, and, in general appearance, suggests a cross between a mole and porcupine, Its sharppointed quills, marked with brown and yellow, make it a terror of dogs, who whine and scratch about it, curled up like a gigantic chestnut-bur, but do not dare to touch it. It is a sluggish animal on the surface of the ground, but progresses with marvelous speed beneath it. When found on ordinary soil it will burrow into the ground and disappear while a man is running twenty yards to catch it, and, once out of sight, will tunnel faster than two men with spades can dig after it. Its powers of excavation are as-

awakward of animals in appearance, nothing could be better adapted to its singular condition of life than its physical construc-tion. Its eggs, like those of the platypus, resemble those of a turtle, being inclosed in a leathery shell of a duil white color. I had proposed in this letter to write also about kangaroos and other members of the various race of marsubials, but have already reached my limit of space, and must reserve these singular animals for another

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

In a Book-Stall,

(A Voice from the Shelf.) Ah, friend of ours! again to-day We hail you as we enter here, In our seclusion shut away. And quite forgot from year to year; We recognize your voice-your smile-We know your foot-fall on the floor, And when you loiter down the aisle, Our old hearts leap to life once more.

You come along like some fond child Who, caring naught for sports that be. Resigns the romp and riot wild To perch upon his grandsire's knee; Your gentle constancy is all That cheers us in this gloom confined, Yet once we held an age in thrall, And shaped the counsels of mankind.

Alas! we're but a motley race. Abject, ill-favored, out of date, With flimsy garb and frowsy face. And shorn of each attractive trait; Yet in our dotage linger still Some pregnant memories of our prime, When, like a trumpet piping shrill, We thrilled the young blood of our time.

Philosopher and bard and sage Have sanctified us with their breath, And left their lordly heritage With us-and so we scoff at death; What boots it, if a brainless age Consign us to this narrow scope? Enough, if but one tattered page Still tingle with the pulse of Pope.

The petty insuits of neglect That greet us in this prison gray Are trifles, when we recollect The glory of a vanished day; If paitry poets pass us by, And statesmen scorn to come a-near. Enough! we charmed a Cromwell's eye,

And Spenser left a book-mark here O friend! so steadfast and so true, So patient in your lonely quest, We keep no secrets back from you, From you, our fond and welcome guest; Go where you will-the doors fling wide-Ransack the larder-loose the locks; No wealth of ours shall be denied To any love like yours that knocks. -James Newton Matthews.

A Wish. Oh, I wish I could sing it, that mystical strain On the tremulous strings of the slow summer rain. It is sometimes the plaint of a dirge in a dream; Tis the chimes of the dawn when one shimmering gleam

Sweeps the silvery strings of the vanishing rain, And-I wish I could sing it, that mystical strain, -Max Monteith.

"He Called Her In." He called her in from me and shut the door. After a long struggling with my pride and weary while it seemed, in which the more I held myself from her the greater fain Was I to look upon her face again; t last-st last-haif conscious where my feet Vere faring. I stood waist deep in the sweet Green grasses there, where she

First came to me. The very blossoms she had plucked that day, And, at her father's voice, had cast away, Around me lay, Still bright and blooming in these eyes of And as I gathered each one eagerly

I pressed it to my lips and drank the wine Her kisses left there for the honey bee Then, after I had laid them with the tress Of her bright hair, with lingering tenderness, , turning, crept on to the edge that bound Her pleasant-seeming home-but all around Was never sign of her! The windows all Were blinded; and I heard no rippling fall Of her glad laugh, nor any harsh voice call; But, clutching to the tangled grasses, caught A sound as though a strong man bowed his head And sobbed alone—unloved—uncomforted! And then straightway before ly tearless eyes, all vividly was wrought A vision that is with me ever more:

A little girl that hes asleep, nor hears, Nor heeds not any voice, nor fall of tears. And I sit singing o'er and o'er and o'er, "God called her in from him and shut the -James Whitcomb Riley.

The Unelected Infant. An unelected infant sighed out its little breath, And wandered thro' the darkness along the shades of death, Until the gates of heaven before him he espied. And ran to them and clung there, and would not be denied. Tho' still from earth rose mutterings, "You can-

Depart into Gehenna, you child of wrath and sin." At last the gates were opened-a man with feat-Stooped down and raised the weeping and nonelected child Immortal light thrilled softly down the avenues And on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a Who are you thus to hallow my non-elected

"Dear child, my name was Calvin, but I see things better now." -Christian Union. A Contrast. He sat on a board at the base-ball game.

And broiled in the burning sun: He knew every player's Christian name. And, if any one scored a run. He danced, and yelled, and grew red in the face. And shouted, and tossed his bat. For he, as you have guessed, was a base-Ball crank-and they act like that.

He sat in a cushioned, broad-aisle pew In a cool and quiet church, and squirmed as you would, perhaps, if you Were a school-boy and teared the bir He heaved a sigh when the minister said "Amen," and he grabbed his bat, For he was a man-a male biped-And in church they act like that.

-Somerville Journal Sonnet. Oh, once again to fill Love's empty house-Once more to know the palace and the grove. And all the sweet, meandering ways of love-Once more to see the myrtle round his brows-Once more to hear his flute-like music rouse Like soft protracted cooing of the dove-To thrill with bliss; to cry, "This is enough; No greater joy than this man's life allows."

To-day I walk an exile from Love's land: Love's palace gleams afar-ab me, how fair! Shall I again some glad day enter there! Oh, but once more in that dear grove to stand, To press the palace door with eager hand, While Love cries, "Enter!" and light floods the

-Philip Bourke Marston. Fire in the Woods. Day long a sullen column rose, the smoke A genie writhing in the summer air. Fantastic-formed, and huge; all night 'twas

vast, vague creature, till the morning broke. But then, as if the sun-god soft had spoke Some word of dissolution, I was ware How it had vanished, left the heavens bare Above scarred woods of pine and sturdy oak. -Richard E. Burton, in the July Home-Maker.

He Was Twice Surprised. Shasta (Neb.) Courier.

A West Shasta man was in town this week, bought a new suit of clothes, placed the bundle on the seat beside him and started home. When he reached the Horsetown bridge over Clear creek, the idea struck him that it would be a great surprise for him to discard his old clothes and go home if a new snit. He pulled off his old duds and fired them into the creek, a piece at a time. When he had nothing on but a shirt he reached for the package, but it was no longer in the wagon. The night was chilly and he went home at a 2:40 gait. He suprised his family completely, and next morning when he went out and found the package hanging to a brake handle on his wagon he was some-

what surprised himself.

To Strengthen the Eyes. A simple and excellent plan to preserve and strengthen the eyes is this: Every morning pour some cold water into your washing bowl. At the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin, or some other bright object; then put your face in the water with your eyes open and fixed on the object at the bottom. Move your head from side to side gently, and you will find that this anything else, because the identity of the author was so puzzling the public at large."

Besides the skins of cockatoos, there are sisted by its strong, trowel-like fore-feet, which are very muscular and armed with large."

Besides the skins of cockatoos, there are which are very muscular and armed with large. The public at kinds of parrots—golas—with lovely grave the most large. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Doesn't Like Loud Sounds.

Miss Boston-Do you like Howells? Miss Chicago-No; nor any other loud sounds.

Expressing Their Opinion.

your sore foot!

asleep now.

Texas Siftings.

and lovely.

New York Sun.

this morning.

Texas Siftings.

Chicago Tribune

this old manf

Detroit Free Press

New York Sun.

home th' day.

years he wuz sint up?

Pharmaceutical Era.

dissipated, eh?

of fer good behavyure.

What can I do with him?

bad as port for my sonf

Pharmsceutical Era.

-cow. Fact.

adles' Home Journal.

your health to-day?

I haf a very bad cow.

watch in a dark street.

said the footpad, skipping off.

not becoming to me.

"How? Undertow?"

Puck. Miss Beacon Street (of Boston)-I think Mr. Simcoe is sui generis, don't you? Miss Bleecker-No. I don't. I think he's

A Gratified Passion. Miss Withers-He has a passion for an-

Fashion Note.

Miss Hightone-Are you going to the

country this year? Everything is so green

Miss Elite-No. I'm not going. Green is

A Narrow Escape.

"Chollie was nearly drowned in the surf

"No. He got his ears full of sand and they pulled his head under."

Gus De Smith-Jones's wife died two

weeks ago, and he is off to Germany on a

Gilhooly-Don't be so hasty. Perhaps,

as he is in mourning, he will spend most of the time in the Black Forest.

Needless Theft.

Magistrate-What is the charge against

Policeman-Stealing a lot of brimstone,

A "Tough" Time.

"I'll trouble you for the time," said the

"It is just striking one," said the gentle-

footpad to the gentleman with the gold

man hitting the highwayman between the

"Don't hit me with your second hand,"

Delightful Treatment.

"So you proposed to her. Accepted, of

'Accepted! Why, she treated me like a

"Allow me to congratulate you, old fel-

The Prodigal's Return.

Mr. Ryley-Fwhy are yez decoratin', Mrs

Mrs. Murphy-Me b'y Danny is comin

Mr. Ryley-I t'ought it wuz fer foive

Mrs. Murphy-He wuz; but he got a year

Mr. Ryley-An' sure, it must be a great

comfort fer ye to have a good b'y loike

Total Abstinence Desired.

Captain Cruiser-So your son is a little

Anxious Mother-Oh, very Captain, very.

Captain Cruiser-Leave him to me. We

sail from New York to San Francisco next

week, and won't touch port for seven

Auxious Mother-But, Captain, don't you

think brandy or any other spirit is just as

"Good morning, Herr Professor, how is

persist in keeping such troublesome stock?"

Herr Professor-Stock, stock? I said

noding of stock. I said cow-cow-c-o-u-g-h

A Cool Cloth Without Ice.

One of the most useful hints for sick-

room attendance is very seldom known

outside of a hospital ward, and not even

there in many cases: the hint is how to ob-

tain a cold cloth without the use of ice.

Every one knows that in fevers or weak-

ness a cold cloth on the forehead, or face.

or base of brain, is one of the most com-

forting things in the world. In tropical

hospitals and where ice is scarce all that is

necessary is to wet a linen cloth, wave it to

and fro in the air, fold it and place on the

patient. Have another cloth ready, wav-

ing it to and fro just before applying it.

These cloths have a more grateful and last-

ing coldness than those made so by the

How to Stop a Hiccough.

A very good anthority gives a simple

remedy for hiccough-a lump of sugar sat-

urated with vinegar. In ten cases, tried as

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an experiment, it stopped biccough in nine.

burning cold produced by ice.

Ladies' Home Journal.

"How does that affect your health?"

The Professor's C-o-u-g-h.

low. I saw how she treated one the other

day; and, by Jove, how I envied that dog!"

your honor. He was caught in the act.

pleasure trip. He is a heartless wretch.

THROAT AND NOSE Miss Fresh-Ah! yes. He's engaged to you, is he not? DR. E. HADLEY. The Woman from Boston. OFFICE-136 North Pennsylvania street. RESIDENCE-270 North Delaware street. New York Herald. Miss Bacon-Do you think it is worse for Office Hours—8 to 9 a. m.: 2 to 3 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Office Telephone—802. House Telephone—1215. woman to smoke cigarettes than a man?

Miss McBean-I never knew of a woman Dr. SARAH STOCKTON. who smoked a man. 227 North Delaware Street. Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer.

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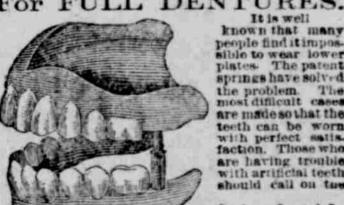
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